

LOVING ONE'S COUSIN.

ADVICE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MARRIAGE OF RELATIVES.

The Philosophy of Love and Affection. Mere Brotherly or Sisterly Feeling Should Not Be Confounded With the Subtle and Inspiring Emotion.

Here is a question which has been often answered; but, as our correspondent says, its discussion is always interesting and is of deep concern to many young people.

"I love my cousin, and she loves me, but my mother is opposed because she does not believe in mixing blood, etc. Now, this is a question which interests a great number and more than you can ever imagine. Your answer to it would be of service to me."

It is easily explainable why so many young fellows fall in love with their pretty cousins. The relationship promotes the intimate association which breeds the tender passion. They start out with the affection of kinship, and thus come together on terms provocative of the love that leads to the desire for marriage. In childhood they may have been to one another almost as brother and sister, but when they have reached manhood and womanhood they find that there has grown up in them a natural sentiment radically different from fraternal attachment. It is possible for them to marry, and the consciousness of this generates the desire to marry.

When a man permits himself to entertain such thoughts regarding a woman, more especially in the romantic period of his life, they soon get the mastery over him. In his eyes she alone among women has irresistible attraction. His love for her is not a love, because for the time no other feminine influence is powerful enough to divert the general love of man for woman which he has concentrated on a particular woman. He may have been in love with her, yet even his mother will lose his confidence unless she accords with his will. He may have been a reasonable boy, but now he is driven by the force of impulsive sentiment only. A fixed idea has gained possession of him, and opposition serves only to intensify his passion. His fate seems to him to be determined beyond the power of human influence to alter it. In all the world, he thinks, there is only one woman whom he can marry without outraging the sanctity of wedlock or dooming himself to lifelong misery.

If parents wish to control the direction which this passionate and unreasonable feeling takes, they must take precautions in advance of the appearance of the first symptoms of the sweet disease. They must foresee its inevitable coming and make ready the course which they would have the tumultuous current follow, or they must stand by powerless to divert its tendency from a channel of its own choosing—that is, they must look out that the intimacy of young people which is stimulative of love shall be confined to the practical and they think proper for mating, proceeding on the sound assumption that love may be exclusive when once it has found particular provocation, but that in essence it is a general sentiment, whose concentration depends on fortuitous circumstances, associations and opportunities. It is highly inflammable material, quick to blaze up when the spark reaches it. This spark may need to be a special fascination, but it is a fascination which may be exercised by any one of many under favoring conditions. It is not peculiar to an individual, as the enamored imagine, though it may belong only to a class of temperament.

The very fact of a young man and a young girl are "nearly in love" with each other suggests the need of caution as to their marriage. They should get in their right senses before venturing to take a step so momentous in both its practical and sentimental consequences. It is better for the passion to cool off before marriage than after. It is better for them to get their eyes open before rather than after. The test of the feeling, whether it is mere instinctive and evanescent excitement or real and enduring affection, should be made before they go to the altar, since at one time or the other it is bound to be made. All this seems to be far away from the question of our correspondent, but in truth it is pertinent to it. Simply because he loves his cousin and she loves him in return is no sufficient reason why they should get married. They can love each other without being married, and the best way they can express and prove their mutual love may be in not getting married. If the objections of our correspondent's mother to their union be well founded, each should look on their marriage as a selfish gratification at the expense of the other.

Cousinship is not necessarily a bar to marriage for fear of incest, as the offspring of the union, but the collateral consanguinity dictates special caution about entering into wedlock. Where there is a common inheritance of tendencies to physical or mental defect or weakness, it is dangerous, for the hereditary disposition may be intensified by the breeding in, but so, too, these tendencies may be common to a pair not thus related.

Some of the current social reformers want a board of physiological and anthropological experts legally empowered to regulate marriages in strict accordance with scientific theories of breeding, but under such a system the whole institution of marriage would be destroyed. Mating would take the place of marrying, and the sentiment which gives life its greatest beauty would be extinguished. Society would be turned into a human stock farm, and men and women would be degraded to the level of brutes. Moreover, under such physiological restraints there would be little mating. Not one marriage in a hundred would stand such a test of its fitness, so general is the inheritance which might be described as defective, so mixed is the blood of the human race. Nor can the qualities most desirable for preservation in men be perpetuated by the methods used in breeding horses and cattle.

Hence we can lay down no absolute rule for the guidance of our enamored friends. Many cousins have married without evil consequences to their offspring. In many other cases the results have been deplorable. Each case must be decided by itself in view of possible chances and probable fruit. A wise physician acquainted with the family history would be the best adviser for our anxious correspondent, since the only objections urged against the marriage seem to come within the special province of such an expert.—New York Sun.

Better Than Driving.

When I get to be a millionaire, I shall have a private cable car for use on summer evenings. The even, gliding motion, the freedom from the responsibility of driving, and, better than all, the thought that you are being carried along not by the muscular exertion of overworked flesh and blood, but by a mechanism entirely devoid of feeling, all combine to make a ride on a cable car a veritable luxury.—Kate Field's Washington.

Where Mexico's Capital Comes From.

The development of Mexican resources is shown by the amount of outside capital invested in that country. Within the past three years American capital to the amount of \$350,000,000 has been transferred to Mexican railroads, mines and manufactures. England has invested \$215,500,000 in agriculture, colonization and mercantile enterprises. Germany has invested in the same country \$80,750,000.

The Only Sure Way.

Mrs. Banks—I don't know of but one way to keep a servant.
Mrs. Rivers—How is that?
"In alcohol."—Truth.

TOOK IN A YALE PROFESSOR.

Card Sharps Make a Few Dollars Out of an Innocent Teacher.

A good story is going the rounds of the city with relation to a certain well known Yale professor. He is a young man, and the title of professor has rested upon him but a few years, but his name is withheld for obvious reasons.

On returning from Chicago recently, so goes the story, he was approached on the train by a fine appearing man, who asked him if he would not fill up a hand of whist, as it needed just one more to complete the table. The Yale professor complied and was soon sitting with three nicely dressed and apparently thorough gentlemen. The cards were dealt around, when it was discovered that there was one card less than the usual number, and in this exigency it was suggested that as whist could not be played they had better resort to euchre. This was satisfactory, and the game commenced.

It had progressed but a short time when one of the gentlemen, after looking at his hand, remarked that he wished he was playing poker, as he had a hand that he would like to bet on. So, just for the fun of the thing, the first suggestion was made that they drop euchre for a minute and play poker with the hands they held. This was acceded to, and a small amount of money was bet, which finally went into the first speaker's hand. Euchre was resumed, and it had progressed but a short time before the third stranger, who had not entered into the first deal, said he had a hand which he would like to bet on, and as the gentleman who had made the first suggestion was agreeable the game was again stopped and they bet money on their hands.

After this euchre was resumed, and to the professor's surprise, he found as he picked up his hand that he held three aces and a pair, or in poker parlance, a full house. He laughingly remarked that he had got a hand which he would be willing to wager a little money on. His partner, who had a good hand also, and if the professor desired the game would be stopped, and they would play the game out on poker lines. This was agreeable to the professor, and the two fell to betting. The bets were small, but it was only a few minutes when the amount wagered was about \$12, of which half was the money of the professor. At this point the professor called and was astonished to see his partner, against whom he had played, lay down four seven spots. Of course he lost, but without saying a word the euchre game was resumed.

After several more hands had been played the professor picked up a hand to find that he held four aces. This time he said nothing about playing a poker hand, and the game of euchre was uninterrupted. A little later and four 10 spots also came into the professor's hand, but this did not tempt him to try his luck with it at poker, and it was played out as euchre.

Very soon after this his companions became suddenly tired of the game, and by mutual consent the four quit playing, the Yale professor returning to his own seat. As he began to think over the incidents of the previous half hour, it suddenly dawned on him all at once that he came near being taken in as a lamb by three sharpers. As he remembered it then the men did not cut the cards, and there dawned upon his mind other little discrepancies with regard to card playing which had not attracted his attention at that time, and he came to the conclusion very quickly that the hand which he had bet on had been put up against him, and furthermore, that the four aces and four tens which came into his hands subsequently was not a mere coincidence, but a deliberate attempt to draw him into losing his money. It was not through any suspicion at the time that he did not play these hands in poker, but simply because he was disinclined to break up the euchre game in that manner.

Since the story has got noised about, the professor has received considerable chaff at the hands of his friends, and he is now trying to ascertain how it got out. He is satisfied, however, that he got out of it so easily.—New Haven Register.

To Insure Rejected "Risks."

For some time past a man thoroughly familiar with the life insurance business has been consulting offices with regard to establishing a company for insuring lives rejected by other companies.

Many persons are unable to obtain life insurance because the family record for disease is against them, whereas the would be insureds themselves are physically sound and in all likelihood are what are known as "good risks."

The company for insuring impaired lives would solicit all risks of this kind, but would require a larger premium. It is said there is no risk a company may not take if it is paid enough for it.

The movement is pretty well advanced also to organize a company to insure merchants for loss on sales of merchandise. This would be a bad debt assurance company, and it would have a large field to work in.

The leading idea of the company seems to be to guarantee manufacturers against loss in their dealings with country merchants and the smaller dealers.—Boston Globe.

A Question Referred.

It sometimes appears when a fluently speaking witness is in the box that there is little reverence for the learned judge of a courtroom. Few Englishmen had more accurate and extended knowledge of the horse than Baron Martin, who, when engaged in the circuit, always visited all the stables in the neighborhood of the town.

At one time he was trying a case in New York when an important point in the evidence happened to be the somewhat obscure disease of a horse.

"Now," said the examining counsel to an old man in the witness box, "tell my lord and the gentlemen of the jury the name of the disease from which they say this horse is suffering."

The witness gave a knowing wink and jerked his thumb in the direction of the bench.

"Just you ask 't' could one up there," was the reply. "He'll tell you!"—Youth's Companion.

The Crab of the West Indies.

The migratory crab of the West Indies is born in the sea, matures in fresh water and passes its adult life on land. Once a year the crabs migrate in thousands from the shores of Jamaica to deposit their larvae in the sea. After the larvae are capable of traveling they go to the rivers and streams, pass through a fresh water stage, after which they follow their parents to land, where they remain until the time comes to return to the sea to lay their eggs.—New York Evening Sun.

A Troublesome Experience.

None, perhaps, except physicians and nurses, realize the obstacles which obstinate and spoiled children make of themselves in cases of illness, and the helpless mother who stands by with her despairing "He won't take it, and I can't make him!" adds to the hopelessness of the situation.—New York Times.

Words, Words.

Lawyer—And now please state the remainder of the conversation between you and the defendant.

Witness—I do not remember it, sir. The substance of it escapes me.

Lawyer (witheringly)—Never mind the substance of it. Tell us the words, and I fancy the jury will have the intelligence to get at the substance.—Harper's Bazar.

Fowl Training.

Mrs. Summerboard—This egg seems a little suspicious, and I'm sure I heard the hens cackling early this morning.

Mr. Summerboard—That's nothing. The farmer has the hens trained to do that every time a box of lined eggs arrives from the city.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SECRETS OF HEALTHFUL EATING.

How a Couple of High Livers Found Out the Kind of Lunch Each Liked.

On the piazza of a hotel the other day two men related their recent experience in the matter of lunches, to the considerable amusement of their friends who were listening. They may be called Smith and Jones, though those were not their real names.

"Yes," said Smith, in answer to a complimentary remark from Jones, "I am looking well, but no better than I feel. Fact is, I have got onto the secret of good health. Stumbled on it by accident. What is it? Oh, just a little matter of lunch, that's all. You may laugh, but it is so all the same. You see, it was this way.

"A few months ago I decided that the elaborate lunches I was eating were bad for me. So I determined to go back to bread and milk, on which I had thrived when a boy. I did so, but somehow or other the thing didn't work right. Instead of feeling better, I kept feeling worse. But I thought it was because my system had become vitiated through French cookery, and so I persevered. It was no go, however, and at last I became convinced that bread and milk were simply a slow poison to me.

"At this stage I stumbled one day into an English chophouse, and a longing came over me to have a chop and a bottle of bitter ale. I did so, and I felt better than I had for months. I had the same thing next day and felt still better. I kept on with the same kind of lunch, changing off to a sandwich, a kidney, a grilled bone, a soup or a salad, but always avoiding milk and the compounds thereof and sticking to the bitter ale. The result is that I was never healthier in my life. What do you think of that?"

"Well," said Jones, "I don't think much of it. My experience knocks your theory into a cocked hat. I, too, was feeling a little out of sorts a few months ago. Like you, also, I had been eating elaborate lunches, and as I had heard a great deal about English chophouses, I determined to try one. I did so and had a lunch just like what you have described for several weeks. But to use your language, it was no go, and at last I became convinced that chops and bitteral were simply slow poison to me. At this point I stumbled one day into a dairy lunch place, and a longing came over me to have a bowl of bread and milk. I did so, and I felt better than I had for months. Since then I have stuck faithfully to a lunch of bread and milk, avoiding all English chophouses and their deadly contents. And the result is that I was never healthier in my life. Now, then, I ask you, what do you think of that?"

"I think," said Smith, "that you must have struck a terribly bad chophouse."

"Well," returned Jones, "it couldn't have been anything like as bad as the bread and milk you must have struck."

All then they argued out the question in all its bearings for about an hour, without coming to any agreement. Smith still says bitter ale is the thing, while Jones thinks milk is the nectar of the gods.—New York Tribune.

An Audacious Swindler.

Norton, the forger, whose too clever pen has brought ridicule on the enemies of Clemenceau, is a rogue of many parts. A story is told of him in a French paper which proves the sublime audacity with which the man is gifted and his readiness to seize opportunities. Norton was at Nice at the time Tamagno, the great tenor, was playing Othello in Verdi's opera. Norton is almost a negro. He has a swarthy skin and short black beard, and in stature is strikingly like Tamagno when drawn in the part of the Moor. It was therefore not strange that people in the streets seeing Norton go by should say, "There is Tamagno!" forgetting that outside the theater the tenor would probably be a very different man.

Norton was not slow to profit by their mistake. He entered at once upon an expensive course of living. He dined at the best restaurants, drove about the neighborhood, went on short trips into the Mediterranean, and always when the time came for payment said, "Send the account to the management of the Casino (where Othello was being performed), and you will be satisfied." No one objected. They were proud to have the custom of the great singer.

But Tamagno is not a lavish man. Tamagno rather is a man who sides in a cab only when there is no bus and dines within 5 francs, and when the bills began to pour in from all sides for 30, 30 and 40 francs his face was a sight to behold. But Norton had then left Nice.—London Globe.

A Queer Thing About Camels.

Some years ago, when the British troops were fighting against the forces of the mahdi in the Sudan, opportunity was afforded to many of the correspondents accompanying the expedition to study the habits of the camel. Most of the transportation of the soldiers' baggage was done by these "ships of the desert," as they are called, and at night some of the newspaper men spent a portion of their leisure trying to learn something new about these strange creatures.

One of them, who was an inveterate smoker, discovered that the camel is a great lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, said he, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged snuff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sort of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.—Harper's Young People.

Profiting by Criticism.

When Mr. Howells was the editor of a certain magazine, he one day received a story from Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps which he did not care to publish. Why? Well, it was called "The Oysterman," and it dealt with all sorts of queer people, who did inelegant things and were not given to good English. As Miss Phelps had been in the habit of having all her work accepted, Mr. Howells didn't at first know just what to do, but he finally wrote:

"You know, Miss Phelps, this is not a pleasant story."

Some months later "The Oysterman" made its appearance in another magazine, but its author had profited by such distinguished criticism, and its title now was "Not a Pleasant Story."—New York Times.

The Height of Flattery.

"I heard a compliment for you last night, Miriam."

"What was it, Lizette?"

"Colonel Brounson said you were exceedingly well preserved."—Brooklyn Life.

General Advertisements.

WHY YOU WANT THE

"STAR!"

A NEWSPAPER IS A NECESSITY to

every person in the community — man, woman or child—who is able to read and

who desires to keep in touch with the spirit of this progressive age and wishes to be posted as to events

of interest which are continually happening at home and abroad, on land and sea."

The STAR is a new paper and has introduced Californian methods of journalism into Hawaii, where, before its advent, the Massachusetts newspaper traditions of 1824 held sway. It has three prime objects:

To support the cause of Annexation of Hawaii to the United States and assist all other movements, political, social or religious, which are of benefit to these Islands and their people.

To print all the news of its parish without fear or favor, telling what goes on with freshness and accuracy, suppressing nothing which the public has the right to know.

To make itself indispensable to the family circle by a wise selection of miscellaneous reading matter.

As a commentator the STAR has never been accused of unworthy motives.

As a reporter the STAR has left no field of local interest uncleaned.

As a friend of good government the STAR has been instant in service and quick to reach results.

As an advertising medium the STAR, from the week of its birth, has been able to reach the best classes of people on all the Islands.

Compare the daily table of contents with that of any other evening journal in Honolulu—

The "STAR" Is

50 Cents

A Month

In Advance

General Advertisements.

HARDWARE, Builders and General, 3 always up to the times in quality, styles and prices.

Plantations Supplies,

a full assortment to suit the various demands.

Steel Plows,

made expressly for Island work with extra parts.

CULTIVATORS' CANE KNIVES.

Agricultural Implements,

Jes, Shovels, Mattocks, etc., etc.

Carpenters', Blacksmiths'

and Machinists' Tools,

Screw Plates, Taps and Dies, Twist Drills,

Paints and Oils, Brushes, Glass,

Asbestos Hair Felt and Felt Mixture.

Blakes' Steam Pumps,

Weston's Centrifugals.

SEWING MACHINES.

Wilcox & Gibbs, and Remington.

Lubricating Oils, in quality and efficiency surpassed by none.

General Merchandise,

it is not possible to list everything we have; if there is anything you want, come and ask for it, you will be politely treated.

No trouble to show goods.

HENRY DAVIS & Co.,

54 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

GROCCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS!

Purveyors to the United States Navy and Provisioners of War Vessels.

FAMILY GROCERIES. TABLE LUXURIES. ICE HOUSE DELICACIES.

Coffee Roasters and Tea Dealers.

Island Produce a Specialty

FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS.

We are Agents and First Handlers of Maui Potatoes,

AND SELL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

P. O. Box 505.

Both Telephones Number 130.

For the Volcano!

Nature's Grandest Wonder.

The Popular and Scenic Route

— IS BY THE —

Wilder's Steamship Company's

AI STEAMER KINAU,

Fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Courteous and Attentive Service

VIA HILO:

The Kinau Leaves Honolulu Every 10 Days,

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,

Arriving at Hilo Thursday and Sunday Mornings

From Hilo to the Volcano—30 Miles,

Passengers are Conveyed in Carriages,

TWENTY-TWO MILES,

Over a SPLENDID MACADAMIZED ROAD, running most of the way through a Dense Tropical Forest—a ride alone worth the trip. The balance of the road on horseback.

ABSENT FROM HONOLULU 7 DAYS!

TICKETS,

Including All Expenses,

For the Round Trip, : : Fifty Dollars.

For Further Information, CALL AT THE OFFICE,
Corner Fort and Queen Streets.